



To Amanda Pollack,

from

Anna Carlson

May 23, 1900.



IDAEL MAKEEVER.

PRAIRIE FLOWERS
AND
MEADOW GRASSES

BY
IDAEI MAKEEVER



*We live in deeds not years; in thoughts not breaths;
In feelings not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs,
When they beat; for God, for man, for duty.
He lives most
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.*

—BAILEY.

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DEDICATION.

To my husband, life's comrade and truest friend,
whose ready sympathy and sincere appreciation
have made this little volume a possibility, the same
is affectionately dedicated by the author.

*Along life's magic meadowlands, through which I slowly pass,
I gather flowers of memory, among the daisied grass,
Across whose billowy surface, God's whispers gently roll,
While I tremblingly transplant them to the garden of my soul.*

NEBRASKA.

*(Given at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, at Omaha, Nebr., Nebraska Day,
June 14, 1898.)*



YOU may talk of eastern cities, of their populace and size,
Of their buildings reaching upward to the blue dome
of the skies;
Of their many church spires glinting in the gold of setting sun,
And the countless crowds that pass them when the busy
day is done.
You may talk of noble harbors and of stately ships that sail
Proudly on the cold, gray ocean, breasting many a salt, sea gale.
You may talk about your rivers flowing grandly to the sea,
Of your commerce, and your factories and lands so rich and free;
Of your mines and mountains yielding their silver and
their gold,
Of your hills and valleys laden with the scent of wood
and wold;
Or, of oriental splendors lying far beyond the sea,
I will smile and tell you plainly, they don't count at all with me.
For I know a land so lovely, it defies you at your best,
'Tis our own beloved Nebraska, still the garden of the West.
Within her smiling borders, lie the fields of growing grain,
Waving in the golden sunlight o'er her broad and level plain.
O'er her prairies lonely Freedom seeks a tryst with
vanished youth,
And the breath of God sweeps gently, whispering eternal Truth.
While the onward march of progress with her banners
bright, unfurled,

And a voice from out the distance rings unto a sleepy world,
Crying, "Forward is the watchword of creation's mighty call,
Rise and follow, I will lead you, to the source of All in All."
Here in days gone by the red man roamed at will so

wild and free,

Simple, untamed child of Nature, chanting his
rude minstrelsy,

Till the avaricious white man's never-ending cry of "More."
Pushed him onward still and onward, to the western
ocean's shore.

And here ambitious Coronado, seeking Castile's greatest good,
And the far-famed seven cities of Cibbola as they stood
In his wild imagination touched our long and lonely plain,
Finding nothing, leaving nothing but the prairie in his train.
Now are well-tilled farms and gardens, and the plains that then
were bare,

Blossom as the rose of Sharon in our breezy, western air.
Here our smiling groves are planted, and their green
and shady bowers

Tell of Arbor day's vast blessing on a barren plain like ours.
Honor to J. Sterling Morton and his institution grand,
Now observed throughout the borders of our happy,
prosperous land.

Here our bursting bin and storehouse, and our reapers'
merry song

Tell of Industry's creation, and the brave, courageous throng
Whom we call our western heroes, who have spent their
lives in toil.

Safe from gleam of hate or battle, or the surge of
 life's turmoil,
Some have passed life's earthly borders, and lie 'neath the
 grassy seas,
Where the night wind lisps in passing and a flower
 perfumes the breeze.
As they lie asleep forever, resting quietly with God,
We will not forget their service nor the paths that
 they have trod,
But will drop a tear in passing, give a tender,
 thoughtful sigh,
For the ones who've made Nebraska fairest spot
 beneath the sky.
If I have my way in heaven when this earthly life is done,
Where they say a harp is given and a golden crown is won,
I will ask a wreath of sunflowers, and the yellow golden rod,
Gathered from our western prairies as a royal gift from God.
When vesper bells are ringing softly over land and sea,
When the song birds cease their singing, silence breathes
 upon the lea;
When the murmur of the night wind sweeps the fields of
 golden grain,
Then my soul shall come and listen to its tender, glad refrain,
As it rustles through the corn leaves, singing ever as it strays,
Seeming like the friendly greeting of a voice from bygone days,
With sweet memories entranced, my harp attuned shall be,
Its chords and tones divinely singing Nature's symphony.

IN THE ATTIC.



Q' all the golden mem'ries that come trooping through
the haze
Of the dead past that covers o'er life's sunny yesterdays,
None comes to me so often, nor brings such sweet refrain,
As a dim and distant attic, and a misty, whispering rain.

When Nature shed her tender tears upon the maple leaves;
The swallows twittered ceaselessly beneath the dripping eaves;
Time rested on his sickle, musing thoughtfully and long;
And half inclined to linger there, to hear the merry song

That wafted through the rafters brown from childhood's happy
heart;

And ere he seized his sickle keen to take another start,
He plucked a golden arrow set with memory's gem so fair,
Sped the song into my heart, and still it lingers there.

Its incense old from other days comes stealing o'er me now,
As sweet as that of scented herbs hung from the rafter's brow,
That stole upon my childish sense in happy days gone by,
When I crept up in the attic to get nearer to the sky.

And peeping through the window there, face pressed against
the pane;
My orphan soul swept out to God beyond the falling rain,
He whispered, "Keep your heart-song pure as some white
banner furled;
The time will come when you must go and sing it to the
world."

I sought the attic's treasures out among the corners gray;
My angel mother's wedding dress, laid carefully away;
In its case a hoop of gold that graced her finger slim,
And breathed a hope of happiness, that bound her life to him

Who sailed away one summer day, across the crested sea;
The night winds rave above his grave, he left her naught but
me;
Their loving souls united were, amended was the pain,
For I heard their voices mingling in the murmur of the rain.

Youth's summer-land is clouded o'er by cares of later life,
The heart-song is a memory by reason of its strife;
What would we not surrender if as then, could you and I,
Just steal up in the attic to get nearer to the sky?

MORTAL LIFE.



S mortal life a bubble, evanescent,

Appearing on the changing sea of time,

For a brief space, and gleaming opalescent

As artist's dream of coloring sublime,

Reflected in the sunset's deepened hue?

I do not know. Do you?

And is the shining thing resplendent,

Blown by the breath of One Supreme, Divine,

For His amusement, with the pith attendant

Through which the airships of the children shine?

If not, why then the mist o'er mortal view,

I do not know. Do you?

Are hopes and joys the colors there reflected,

The prismatic hues, that fleeting, dance and play,

O'er dreams, whose rich fulfillment is expected,

Ere yet the gleaming gold dissolves to gray,

Our dreams, which dying, haunt us through and through?

I do not know. Do you?

And are its throbs, and floating, rhythmic measure

The music of imprisoned life, which flows;

Outwending still, an unrecovered treasure,

And is its bursting but a long repose?

My soul seeks thro' God's silences the true,

Yet knows it not. Do you?

Shall ripple nor a murmur mark the ending,

When the bubble breaks into the sea of years

That mirrored lies; and on its bosom blending,

Life's sunset hues, its memories and its tears;

Why is the soul of life hid from our view?

I do not know. Do you?

WHILE THE WEDDING BELLS ARE RINGING.

“ AM so happy, so happy,” he cried,
“Life is a poem, and love is a dream,
Of a soul that will rest in the hopes that behold her,
Flushed with the tenderest kisses that fold her
Away from life’s sorrow; oh give me the bliss,
That hallows the heart of a union like this;
Thus drifting, I dream of the love light that gleams,
In the violet eyes of my bride.”

“I am so weary, so weary,” she sighed,
Life is illusion, and love is a snare;
The breath of the apple bloom out of the olden,
Bringing back dreams of the days that were golden,
Is wafted by memory out of the snow,
That blighted the blossoms of love long ago,
’Tis the dream of a dead face that deepens despair,
In the violet eyes of the bride.

ARALEEN.



ARALEEN, I often see you as I saw you in the old,
With your gray eyes full of mischief and your
aureole of gold,
When your fingers swept the harp of life, and played upon
its strings,
Childhood's poems more ethereal than any poet sings.

Their immortal and undying music lingers in my soul,
And I hear the dreamy echoes far above the muffled roll
Of the years that swept us onward to the farther edge of
time,
And along the rugged roadway they were melodies sub-
lime.

As of old you ran to meet me, and your crown of golden hair,
Found a rest upon my shoulder, as you sobbed a story there,
With a burst of stormy passion that swept your slender
form,
While you nestled to the mother-heart so wonderful and
warm;

So again I seem to see you, thro' the mists that intervene,
Along the line of yesterdays a-lying thick between,
 Though the gold has lost its luster, and my eyes are
 dimmed with tears,
Araleen, I see you coming o'er the meadowland of years.

Gathering flowers of memory among its grasses fair,
We weave them in a chaplet, and we braid them in your hair;
 'Long the sunny slope and upland we gather golden grain;
 Hand in hand we listen to the robin's song again.

As of old we watch the stars peep out across the purple gloam,
The fireflies dance before us as they light our pathway home;
 On our way you pluck a lily set with drops of diamond dew,
 And we rest beneath the dreamland tree, and live our life
 anew.

Stealing from old time his treasures we rest beneath its shade,
And watch a stream whose Lethean gleam winds through a
 mystic glade,
 To the whither-lands none knoweth; oh may your little
 form,
Be sheltered by the mother-heart so wonderful and warm.

THE CHILD HEART.



HERE'S the song of the bird and the song of the bee;
But the song of the child-heart is sweetest to me.

WHERE THE STARRY FLAG WAVES.



HEN the river's tide is crimsoned as it seeks the
jeweled sea,

With the blood of our brave army marching on to
make men free;

When the hills are shook with thunders that reverberate in glee,
And the bugle's shrill reveille echoes o'er the vale and lea,

When lives are offered daily for our banner's starry light,
With our hearts all bruised and broken, to uphold the cause of
Right;

When patriot souls are sighing in the damps and dews of night,
Tell me not we're retrograding, and that Right is always Might.

For where palm tips kiss their shadows in the sunny, Indian seas,
And the cypress vines are clinging to the old, palmetto trees;
The stars and stripes are floating to the genial, southern breeze,
And Freedom's sun is rising o'er the down-trod Carribees.

No more shall dark oppression her radiant flashes hide,
And her golden glow of glory from a people long denied;
But beaming yet more brilliant, over Morro's shattered side,
Reflected peace and plenty in her promise is implied.

And her rays shall light the gleaming of the old red, white and
blue,

As it waves, a mighty scepter that is terrible and true,
The heraldry of Freedom's cause, her symbol old, yet new,
And a watch that never waneth since the starry banner grew.

When the bugle notes are ended, with war's grim echoes, dread,
With our flag's folds interwoven with the blood of heroes shed;
May victory waft it onward where the Cuban star has led,
And soft winds sing a requiem for all our honored dead.

QUEEN CALLINA'S COURT.



QUEEN Callina lived in the clover lot,
In the shade of an old, oak tree;
For a fairies' court a fairer spot,
You would never wish to see.
They slept in the swirl of the sweet perfume,
And rose at the sun's first ray,
As it kissed the great, pink acres of bloom,
And swung out the golden day.
They danced at night in the pale moonlight,
On the top of a broad, green leaf,
With tunics made of a rose-leaf bright,
And crowns from a golden sheaf
Of wheat, that lay in a field near by;
And they whirled to the cricket's song,
And music made by a blue-bottle fly;
While a grasshopper beat the gong
In his gay, green coat; the bumble bee
Brought honey for the feast,
In a tiny shell from a distant sea—
The revels were increased
By an old hop-toad as he blinked and blinked
In a gay, young glow-worm's shine;
She won his heart, while he solemnly winked,
And sighed, "Oh my love be mine."
They drank the dew from the lichens gray
On a stone 'neath the old, oak tree,
The fairies were happy by night and by day,
And the court was a court of glee.

Queen Callina's subjects all were true,
 As a loyal tribe should be;
A faithful clan as the bright days flew,
 Merry, and happy and free.
Ne'er was a court as contented, I ween,
 As the one in the clover there.
And never did reign such a gay, young queen,
 As Callina, capricious and fair.
But alas, one day, as she floated afar
 O'er the fields, drawn along through the air
By snake feeders hitched to a tiny gold car;
 Her coachman, a butterfly fair;
Wicked Queen Cristoles met her and said,
 "I give you a charm that you may
Open, when e'er by your fancy you're led;
 And a mystical word that you say,
The vail that obscures you from mortals will part,
 Their realms you may safely pass through;
Who knows but a coronet, throne, or a heart
 Of a prince is but waiting for you?"

PART II.

A charming, young prince was brave Zeraphene,
 As ever yet buckled a sword;
He wafted a kiss to his love, Gwendolin,
 And mounted his horse with a word
Of endearment, that brought a swift flush to her face,
 As she watched him away to the hills,

And timber that heavily skirted the place;
She saw his steed crossing the rills;
And just as he passed to the field on beyond
Where the mowers were making the hay,
He waved his plumed hat to his lady so fond,
This courteous cavalier, gay.

PART III.

The reapers knew naught of the fairies' near by,
As they passed by the old, oak tree;
But cut down the clover and left it to dry,
For they were unable to see
Yet a fairy about; but a bumble bee's nest
Was hid by the old, gray stone;
And the tinted shell from the ocean's crest
Was crushed; and sitting alone
A solemn, old hop-toad blinked in the sun;
A cricket crawled away;
A grasshopper flew, and the fairies run;
None but the queen did stay.
For she had opened Queen Cristoles charm
With the magical word she knew;
Not thinking of danger or possible harm,
She stood exposed to their view.
"Ha, what have we here," cried Prince Zeraphene,
Dismounting and standing apart;
"A fairy or else I'm a fool," and the queen
Blushed, faltered and then lost her heart

To the courteous traveller, Prince Zeraphene,
 Who bowed and doffed his white plume;
And thought, "What a gift to my love, Gwendolin,
 To amuse her and lessen her gloom,
When I am afar on my steed Fenores;
 Come with me, my sweet, Fairy queen."
She thought of the words of her friend Cristoles,
 Such a prophetess never was seen.
Away o'er the fields together they rode
 Till the castle swung into sight,
Where Gwendolin lived in her lovely abode;
 But the fairy queen's heart in affright,
Was beating so wildly, as Prince Zeraphene
 Dismounted, and doffing his plume,
Presented the gift to his love, Gwendolin;
 Callina's hopes faded in gloom.
She wept in despair, at the traitor, the queen
 Cristoles who gave her the charm;
She sighed for her court in the clover so green,
 And their revels upon the old farm.
So pining, and moaning her pitiful fate,
 And breaking her heart for the prince,
Uneasy, and restless, both early and late,
 Callina has been ever since.
The children, who, like her are sighing to roam,
 And travel to countries afar;
Discontented, and hoping to leave the old home
 Had far better stay where they are.

I'LL COME AGAIN:



DEAR love, in after years when I am laid
To rest beneath the daisies and the snow;
From out the unseen land at even's shade,
I'll come, and bring you thoughts of long ago.

I'll come to you, and o'er life's twilight sea,
You'll feel the Eden kiss of days gone by;
And memory will weave sweet dreams of me,
And bring the dear, dead past so strangely nigh.

THE STROLLING PLAYER.



RIENDS prove false and the world is wide,
Though the wild bird's notes be glad,
As we steer life's bark o'er the drifting tide
The strongest heart grows sad,
And sighs for the friends of the long ago,
Who sleep in their narrow bed,
Where the willows wave and the wild flowers blow,
In the city of the dead.

But again I hear the echo
Of childhood's blessed June,
As weary feet tread the crowded street,
In an old time fiddle tune.

It takes me back to the old, old days
That were always fair to me;
The winding path thro' the forest ways,
The sound of the distant sea;
The whitewashed walls of the dear old home,
That I left so long ago;
E're my wayward feet had learned to roam;
Life's care and its strife to know.

I see all the dear, old faces
Of the home group, gathered there,
Bright scenes from the old-time places,
When life was always fair,
And the world seems better, brighter,
And the city seems less lone;
My heavy heart grows lighter,
When the strolling player's gone.

CLIMBING.

OUND by round as the years go by,
We build a ladder to the sky,
From where earth's humble daisies nod,
We climb this stairway up to God.

ARIMEE.



WHEN love was young, sweet Arimee, the green was
on the trees,
God's smile was in the starlight, and His breath was
on the breeze.

A night bird gaily carolled to his mate along the shore,
And life was love, and souls were one in dreamy days of yore.

Your eyes were like the glintings of the starlight on the sea;
Their light in dreams comes o'er me, as a long lost memory
That sweeps the silent ocean of life's weary waste of years,
A snowy sail that passes in a mist of rain and tears.

Your form was fair, sweet Arimee, I know not anywhere
On earth a light as lovely, as the sheen upon your hair,
That floated out like ravellings of fairest molten gold,
And twined around my heartstrings in the summertime of old.

The stars smiled in the azure as I held you with a kiss;
The night winds gently wafted golden dreams of future bliss,
When paths should wind so pleasantly through fields
of fairer flowers,
Than artist ever painted in his most entranced hours.

Thus weaving fairest fancies in the starlight, you and I
Lived ages in the olden as a dream but passes by;
Love strung his harp to tender tunes, and swept the
golden strings;
And bade the world but us, speed by on silent, viewless wings.

The world is wide, and life is long, I wander on alone;
My dreams are rudely broken as a crystal on a stone;
I gather up the fragments, one by one, so tenderly,
And bear them in my broken heart for you, my Arimee.

A DEAD HEART LIES THERE.



GO where roses blush with kisses warm,
And shake the gleaming jewels of the night
From off their glowing face and golden form,
To wave a welcome to the King of Light ;
But though the smile of God is in the air
A dead heart lies there.

I go where lilies slumber in the dusk
Of twilight, laughing over misty streams,
Whose naiads gently float in swirling musk,
As spirits sweeping through a world of dreams ;
But though the soul of life rich garments wear,
A dead heart lies there.

I go where e'en the wind-harps listing by
Attune their chords to lost, ethereal lays ;
Aeolian dreams that waft from spheres on high,
Across a night of stars from olden days ;
But mem'ry weaves no woof of hope so fair,
A dead heart lies there.

Can Life yet breathe a low, entrancing strain
Across her harp of immortality,
To waken through the night of doubt and pain
The soul of this dead thing again to me?
Thro' worlds of space should ring love's holy pray'r
For dead heart lying there.

I know all forms of life haste on to death,
And darkness ends the glow of golden morn;
The fairest of the rose's fading breath
Invisible, is richer being shorn
Of her sweet form; compatriot so fair
Of dead heart lying there.

I turn, a weary dreamer, lost, alone,
To wander o'er life's mileless, desert sea,
And bear within myself this weight of stone;
'Tis all that golden mem'ry left to me;
To treasure in a hopeless, dull despair,
This dead heart lying there.

THE KANKAKEE.



WITHIN my boat, again I float adown the lonesome
Kankakee,
And rest my soul upon its tide,
Whose smooth expanse of waters wide,
Move slow along, unto the song the breezes sing to God and
me.

A dragon fly goes spinning by, as gauzy as he was of old;
Life turns upon its backward track,
And days of youth come drifting back,
Across the fair and whither where, that leads unto the sunset's
gold.

Its growth so rank and brambly bank, festooned by graceful
willows green,
Are limned upon fair mem'ry's page,
To never be effaced by age,
Nor dimmed by haze of yesterdays, old father Time may thrust
between.

Its somber shades, and moss-grown glades, stretching unto lone-
ly fen,
And swales that breathe unending gloom,
Are Nature's solitary tomb,
That she required, when she retired afar from maddening
haunts of men.

Disturbed but by the bittern's cry, that floated o'er the dark
bayou,
She rests in solitude sublime;
Unheeded by the call of time,
And thus has slept, while aeons crept, across this
valley dim and low.

HOMeward.

 I'm going home, to my old home again,
Where anxious loved ones daily watch and wait,
And leaning o'er the old familiar gate
Look for my coming down the shady lane,
And disappointed, watch and wait in vain,
I'm going home.

I'm going home to where the apple blooms
Waft out delicious odors on the breeze;
Where robins sing among the old, oak trees;
And lilies waste the dreamiest perfumes,
That float in all the dim, old-fashioned rooms;
I'm going home.

I'm going home where Time has glided by
All unremembered down the flight of years,
And left his track unstained by storms of tears;
Where holy love beams from a mother's eye,
And lights a way-worn wanderer's gloomy sky;
I'm going home.

I'm going home to quiet and sweet peace,
Where golden sunbeams gild the summer airs;
And cast aside life's conquest and its cares;
And bid the world good-by, with sweet surcease
Of all ambitious dreaming's mad increase;
I'm going home.

I'm going home and rest forever there,
With peaceful faces wreathed in loving smiles;
Where cheating Time paints me no afterwhiles,
And tints with silver hues the sunny hair;
Restore my soul with restful dreams so fair;
I'm going home.

MY PRAYER.



WOULD I but lift my soul above
The ills of life, and carking care,
That dim the human sense of Love,
And breathe a simple heart-felt prayer,

To rest my aching heart, and lift
The gloom above me, dark and deep,
Or make in it a tiny rift
Wherein God's sunshine still may creep,

To warm and strengthen into life
The hidden notes of song, that lie
Deep-buried 'neath a sense of strife,
And swell their echoes to the sky;

It would not be an utterance fine,
And thoughts rich-clothed in words that
glow;
A burning tribute at His shrine;
A prayer that men may hear and know;

Nor learned prayer, made to inform
My God of what He does not know;
A prayer to calm life's surging storm,
Or cause men's hearts to warm and glow.

But I would turn awhile away
From vaunted, mortal pomp and show,
From mad ambition's restless sway,
To tender thoughts of long ago,

And kneel once more at mother's knee
Again a child,—Oh, bliss untold!—
Unconscious, white-robed Purity,
What dreams of rapture yet unfold,

To catch the happy, tender light
We never find on land or sea,
From mother's eyes; enraptured sight,
When their blest vision dwelt on me.

With simple, child-like faith she taught
Before we learned to question why,
Yet still a wider meaning sought
To know the wherefore of the "I,"

But in the stillness of the hour,
As deepening shadows softly creep,
I'd breathe, and trust the Father's power,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

BETTER SO.



HEAR your voice as long lost chords, so musical and true,
And o'er the crested tide of life I kiss my hand to you;
A rhythmic song floats slowly on in restful sounds that flow;
Yet endeth in a heart-sob love, 'twere better you should go.

The blossoms of rich mem'ry years are wafted on the tide.
I strive to breathe their faint perfume, across the waters wide;
I drink and dream, and drift again, where lilies gleam and glow;
Yet hear thro' God's sweet silences, 'twere better you should go.

The echo of the songs we sung still lingers in the air.
I smell the perfume of a rose that nestled in your hair;
In dim, sweet dreams we walk again where meadows grasses grow;
They seem to nod and whisper, it were better you should go.

Heaven seems to have decided, that 'twere better we should part;
And the harvest of the golden past be garnered in a heart;
That has faded into dark decay, as summer roses' glow,
Breathing o'er a night of sorrow, it were better you should go.

EURYLEDA.



EURYLEDA, you are nameless to the world and only I
Caught the whisper Euryleda, from an angel
passing by,

As he swept the stellar spaces from a far off gleaming spheres,
With a light from God to guide me down the pathway of
the years.

Airs were mute and motionless, and sylvan sounds were hushed;
And each murmur sank to silence, where the mighty river rushed;
With a strange and unknown burden in its message to the deep,
But its mournful cadence faltered and its echoes fell asleep.

As the heavens bent to listen to the accents soft and low,
Of a name that seemed to thrill me in the aeons long ago;
Mocking memory's flashing picture of an unknown, fadeless
clime,
Where in dreams I knew and loved you on the farther shore
of time.

Were you then a mortal maiden with a rose upon your breast,
And your eyes blue as the azure fields, where stars like lilies
rest;
And your hair agleam with sunshine, floating mist of molten
gold,
Fairer far than Grecian Helen's in the stories sung of old?

Euryleda, you are with me in the sunshine or the snow,
And your whisper seems to lighten all my darkest hours of woe;
You cheer me by a presence that I feel but cannot see,
As a perfume greets the stranger from the shores of Araby.

Down life's rugged road you lead me and you seem to point
the way,
Where the sun dispels the darkness and leads on to perfect day;
Then in fancy I would follow your flight into the skies,
Where your white hand beckons to me at the gate of Paradise.

I will know you Euryleda, in the realm where time and space
Are no more, and find completeness in the sunshine of your face;
And the soul, which clay invested, wanders on thro' life alone,
Shall commune in sweetest rapture with the glory of your own.

A DREAM SONG OF THE OLD HOME.



When the green is on the meadow, and the dew is on the rye,
And I'm standing by the gateway, where I stood in
days gone by,

But it's old familiar rattle makes the gushing teardrops start,
As I walk the dear, old pathway with a beating, swelling heart,
And I listen to the twitter of the song birds in the trees,
Trilling out their morning matins to the swelling of the breeze.

Olden memories entrance me, and I seem to see once more,
All the scenes of happy childhood come a dancing back
from yore;

I can smell the apple blossoms, in the orchard near the wood,
Even see the ripe, red cherries; near the currant bushes stood;
And the meadow down below them, where the "Johnny
jump-ups" wild,

Where the buttercups, and daisies, and the mayflowers
bowed, and smiled.

Two, great white oaks grown so tall, their tops tower'd to the sky,
In their blessed shade I revelled, in the happy days gone by.

In the autumn when the acorn touched by frost fell to the
ground,

Then, the squirrel's constant chatter brought to me the
sweetest sound,

Yes, the red breast in the maple, with its falling leaves of gold
Sings as sweet to me in dreamland, as he sang in days of old.

I can see the tiger lilies drinking in the morning dew,
Smiling four-o'clocks, and asters, and the morning-glory, too
Climbing o'er the cool, north window, and I hear the honey-bee
Buzzing in its folds imprisoned, as he struggles to be free.

I can hear the cattle lowing, and the cow bells far away,
See the boys come home from plowing, at the close of
summer day,

I can see the brook and minnows, as we caught them in our seine,
See my father as he winnows out the wondrous, golden grain,
See the friends, and all the neighbors dropping in at close
of day,

Just a resting from their labors, and a talking of the hay,

I can see the dying roses in the hazy air of June,

And the bumble-bee a laying suckingsweets to Nature's tune;
See the golden sunlight streaming down upon the yellow sand;
And a blue eyed girl a dreaming, dreams she could'nt understand,

I can see the quail and pheasant, as they shot into the brush;

All the past melts into present, at the singing of the thrush.

But the workmen now are busy in my retrospective dreams,
Head and heart grow faint and dizzy, as they tear away
the beams

Of the old house, and the sounding of the timbers as they fall,

Saddest echoes still resounding, strike me like a funeral pall;

And each nail and board they sever, as the structure falls apart,
Seems as if they tore forever, golden mem'ries from my heart,

NEBRASKA AUTUMN.



VER the infinite pulse of the prairie, the south-
wind is sougling and singing;
Breathing aeolean strains thro' the blue mist,
o'erhanging her grain-laden bosom;
Whispering restfully over the corn fields, sweet tales
of the aeons forgotten;
Bringing back dreams of the days that are buried
'neath the wave of oblivion's ocean.

Turning their faces to southwind and sunshine, that
deepen the glow of their beauty,
Sunflowers are drooping their sunny crowns lower, as
if mourning the passing of summer,
Daisies are starring the low-lying valleys, that echo the
call of the cattle;
Rich vintage gleams in the dim, mellow sunlight,
enriched by the fulness of autumn.

Summer is dying, the heart of the prairie is tenderly
mourning and sighing.
Yielding the year and its bountiful harvest, to the
biting breath of the frost-king;
Telling its grief to its listening children, through the
cricket's sorrowful cadence.
Borne on the breeze like the voice of a prophet,
announcing the coming of winter.

NEVER AGAIN.

EVER again will June winds bring
Such rare perfumes to you and me,
And never again will the robins sing
Such roundelays in the gay, green spring,
So sweet of note and so swift of wing,
In the days that used to be.

Never again will the blossoms bear
Such rare, sweet tints in meadow and lea,
And wild flowers yield such a rich perfume
As we brought them out, from the forest gloom,
To the old, cracked vase in mother's room,
In the days that used to be.

Never again will the wild retreat
Of the dear, old forest bring to me
The sweet surprise that it used to bring,
The wild song-bird with its scarlet wing,
When life flowed on as the Pierian spring,
In the days that used to be.

Never again will the old world yield
Such keen delights to you and to me,
As when life was new and the heart was young,
With its' harp unswept and its chords unstrung,
And its' hidden songs that were yet unsung,
In the days that used to be.

O, never again can we enjoy,
With spirits light and a heart so free,
The simple joys of a long, gone day,
The sunlight's shimmering, golden ray,
E'er the heart grows cold, and the world grows
gray,
Since the days that used to be.

LOVE'S ARIA.

N the deepened dusk a bird note quivers in
the air,
And all the world and you love, are most
divinely fair;
Lilies lift their snowy forms to greet the stars above,
And heaven's heart and mine are warm, to light the
path of love.

Rainbow hues are gleaming o'er the whither where
to-day,
And youth binds up his yellow hair, and smiling leads
the way;
Disclosing paths by winding streams, entwined with
fairest flowers,
Then flits away on viewless wings to garner summer
hours.

Father Time forgets himself and all his world of care,
And loves to note the sunny gleam that trembles on
your hair;
Windharps lure adown the breeze, a magic, mystic rune,
And through the purple haze of eve, bear love's sweet
lingering tune.

THE HEART OF THE AMERICAN NATION.



HALL the sweet voice of Liberty, pleading apart
With the grim god of gold in the world's busy mart,
Deploring his power o'er America's heart,
Be strangled in silence, the while we forget
The world-honored name of our loved Lafayette?

Shall the voice of the slave when its echoes rebound
From the meads of the sunny south's stained battle ground,
Be answered by roar of our cannon's dull sound,
To vindicate Freedom, and still we forget
The time-honored name of our loved Lafayette?

Could the voice of our forefathers cry from the vast
Buried depths of the century lost in the past;
They'd bid us let Liberty live to the last,
Ere God and his angels must weep with regret,
O'er the stain on the name of our loved Lafayette.

Can our Heart in full sympathy throbbing, the while,
With the people oppressed on a down-trodden isle,
Direct our dread bullets with purposes vile;
And the gold god Imperial, make us forget
The deeds and the name of our loved Lafayette.

Ah, never, sweet Liberty, dry your stained eyes,
And lift your pale face to the God of the skies,
Whose power is above the gold god who denies—
Whose mercy will stay us, ere we may forget
The voice from the tomb of our loved Lafayette.

The Heart of the nation will wake to the true,
And dry your sad tears with the Red, White and Blue,
And wave it forever for justice and you,
O, Liberty fear not, we'll wholly forget
The grave and the name of our loved Lafayette.

DAY DREAMS.



ROBIN is singing in memory's tree,
And swallows are twittering ceaselessly
From nests underneath the old barn eaves;
The dove in the dove-cote wonders and grieves;
The bob-o-link sings me a sweeter tune
Than ever he sang when the world was June;
The languorous lily is yielding its musk,
While fire-flies blink to me out of the dusk;
The past is yielding its sweets to me,
Lying under the dreamland tree.

Time brings the treasures of youth's bright day,
And hangs them before me in gorgeous array;
He chases the shadows, dispelling the haze
That lingered around them in earlier days;
He's carefully burnished them one by one,
By processes not known under the sun;
Retaining the sunshine, rejecting the gloom,
Touching them all with a faint perfume;
Sweet as though wafted from Araby,
Lying under the dreamland tree.

He brings me the blossoms of long ago,
Its cherished blooms like a swirl of snow
Sweep over my senses, and seem to me
The ghost of a something that used to be;
Haunting me ever, adown life's path,
Cooling its harvest of aftermath,
I gather with trembling, soul-steeped tears
In the meadow-lands, of the long, long years,
Whose daisied grasses nod soft to me,
Lying under the dreamland tree.

I dream and anon, in the golden grain,
I hunt the oriole's nest again;
And stop to list to the whippoor-will,
Whose plaintive call floats over the hill;
Or trill, "Bob White," to my friend, whose sweet
Notes are echoing over the wheat,
Its billowy waves like the surge of time,
Sweep over me to a measured rhyme,
Rocked by it's rythm I float on its sea,
My soul sleeps on 'neath the dreamland tree.

SUFFICIENCY.



WHEN my spirit has joined the invisible choir,
And my harp's wavering strings are corroded
with rust;
When the pulse-beat of life has consumed its own fire;
And the soul has swept out of its temple of dust.

Should no rythm of mine have found rest in a heart,
That smoulders amid its gray embers of pain;
Vibrating become of the earth-life a part,
Shall the chords of the singer be chanted in vain?

Ah, no; though the God-heart that taught me to sing,
And my own, hear the fragments that float down
the years,
The response is sufficient; transcendent, and brings
Heaven near to a poet who sings through her tears.



Sonnets.



SUCCESS.



POET walked alone amid the vast
And motleyed crowd, that turned a deafened ear
Unto his soul-notes, with no time to hear
The music he was wafting as he passed
Along his lonely way; and so at last
He turned from all he ever held most dear,
And looking toward the sky beheld a clear,
White mountain top above the earth-clouds cast;
"Tis there," he cried, "Success is found, and I
Will journey to its summit, where my song
Will echo thro' this valley loud and long;"
He toiled with blood-stained feet toward the sky,
But saw when he had reached the summit's snow,
Success hid 'neath a daisy down below.

THE SILENT SEA.



KNOW a sea, across whose sunlit main,
Euroclydon has never dared to roam,
Or float a wreck upon its sun-kissed foam,
To sink to darkened depths, where garnered gain,
And treasures of his wrath, and dread disdain
Lie on the floor of ocean's wave-swept loam;
As thick-strewn stars that light the azure dome,
O'er wanderer on some darkened, desert plain;
Arise swift, silken sails in snowy gleams,
To bear life's golden memories to me,
Across the tide of this strange, shoreless sea;
I watch with soul besteepled in anxious dreams,
And blurring eyes all dimmed with burning tears,
These lone sails sweep the silent sea of years.

A SUMMER STORM.



SOMBER shadow steals o'er Nature's face,
And dims the luster of her laughing eye;
The while Euroclydon, approaching nigh
With silent tread, assumed and feigned grace,
And elfin fingers hastens to displace
Her coil of raven hair; then sweeping high,
He swift unfurls its darkness o'er the sky,
And seeks the trembling maiden to embrace;
Who, agitated by her doubts and fears,
At such impulsive knight's impetuous sway,
In sudden grief lets fall a shower of tears,
And bades her amorous wooer turn away;
Then Sunshine binds her locks of loosened hair
With golden bands; and wins the maiden fair.

QUEEN EVEN'S RETIREMENT.



QUEEN Even rests her heart in sweet content;
The far and golden west adrip with light,
Prepares to spread the curtains of the night,
Gleaming with jewels rare, and shadows blent
In prismatic hues, athwart the soft clouds, rent
By lingering sunbeams that caress, so bright,
Then fade, afar from the enraptured sight
As she retires within Dame Nature's tent;
Lulled soft to sleep by music of the spheres,
That tread so lightly on their winding way
Along the perfect pathway of the years;
Her dreams are tender memories of the day
That passed beyond the rim of time; till dawn
Guarded by white-faced June, she slumbers on.

THE SEA BIRD.



WHILE winds of God sweep o'er the sullen sea,
And heaven's fair face hides behind a sky
Of darkness, as the storm-king passes by,
Flaunting his pent-up force with fiendish glee;
A sound above the tempest reaches me;
Is lost in roar of wild waves rolling high;
Then comes again a lone, far-reaching cry
As of a spirit longing to be free;
A wounded sea bird as my storm-swept soul,
Beat by the adverse winds on life's rough seas,
Attempts with bruised wings to soar above
The storm clouds, where the sunlight greets a breeze
Warmed by the breath of everlasting Love;
And, grieving, fails to reach the sought for goal.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.



AS some fair flower that fades beneath the frost,
Lest fall its crumbling petals, one by one,
By wilful winds of Autumn sadly tossed,
Its mission in this life forever done;
Yet, as its perfume lingers in the air,
So her sweet mem'ry haunts our weary heart;
Though she has passed to other lands so fair,
Where sorrow, pain, and parting have no part;
We would not weigh our grief against her gain,
But looking upward through the mists and gloom—
Not downward to her cold and silent tomb—
Behold His sunshine far above our grief and pain;
Its golden gleam shall kiss life's troubled ways,
To pierce the gloom of gray and lonely days.

THE OLD YEAR.



AS the last bead upon a rosary,
Slipped through the slender fingers of a nun
Upon the silken string, the last pray'r done,
That breathes the hope of God's own mystery
Unto a soul's unfathomed decree;
Resting its gaze toward the setting sun
Of life, whose earthly course is swiftly run;
December slips into Eternity,
And adds unto the rosary of years;
That binds my life into Time's endless chain,
Welded with lonely sighs, and sobs, and tears;
And weary ways that tell of death and pain;
And earthly hope, wherein a soul has striven
To cast an anchor in the port of Heaven.

OLYMPUS.

E toils like some lone slave for loftier height
Whereon his tired soul may rest awhile ;
To breathe a purer air, and see the smile
Of God, that steals across the morning light ;
Upward and on through damps and dews of night,
And noisome, slimy things ; and errors vile
That hide the well-worn pathway many a mile
Along time's infinite way. At last his sight
Beholds afar 'neath arched, alien skies
A sun-crowned height from dim oblivion rise ;
Swift bounding on, his eager, feverish mind
Has not discerned the distance left behind,
Where brother-hearts claim kinship with his own ;
He finds he walks Olympian heights alone.

THE POET'S PORTION.



WHEN Jupiter divided from his throne
The heritage bestowed to all mankind;
To each, a gift of choice to be his own
According to the dictates of his mind.
'Tis said each strove to gain the proffered good,
And reached a grasping hand with keen delight;
Till each one claimed his own in wares, or wood,
Or richest stores. The god had naught at night;
His gifts had all been given away; when lo!
The dreaming Poet came from some far land
With plaintive plea held out his empty hand.
"Naught have I now," cried Jove, "all here below
Is gone; heaven alone's but left to me;
'Tis thine, and ever more is open to thee."

SPRING'S WOOING.



FAIRY princess wrapt in slumber deep,
By magic of a wizard's olden power;
Compelled to dream away each golden hour,
The while the wintry winds their vigils keep,
And feathery flakes of snow around her sweep;
As if to consecrate the barren bower,
Stripped of its summer vine and dewy flower;
In Winter's arms sweet Nature lies asleep.
Spring, as romantic prince of olden time,
Shall wave a shining wand o'er her deep trance;
With voice of love and poet's rippling rhyme,
Shall thrill her soul with rapture of his glance;
And wakened to the sunlight's golden sheen,
Behold her wedding robe of richest green.

Dialect.

TO MY DESK CALENDAR.



LAS, old friend, a feelin' comes 'at brings a misty tear,
To think you too air leavin' me, as has the vanished
year;

An' as I haul you from yer hook, December's lingerin' leaf
Clings to you in the twilight, as a friend to one in grief.
T'would be too bad to part you, who in shade or sunny weather
Have been so long, so I'll be kind an' let you burn together,
You've ben 'ith me through all the year'n stood the test o' time,
An' watched my vain endeavors in the art o' makin' rime;
Your smilin' face wuz allus thare; my gratitude you've earned,
For keepin' silent wuz me over manuscripts returned.
You sensed the sitooation, an' in all my weal er woe,
Have borne 'ith me right patiently when things went wrong
below.

You've allus kept your counsel from beginnin' to the end,
Alas, could I but say the same of many another friend
Who meant it well 'enuff, no doubt, an' yit I allus say
Advice a man can't use hisself hain't worth the givin' away.
You've faded, an' growed old, my friend, jest as I have myself,
Old Time has done his level best to lay us on the shelf;
He's stripped the golden months from you, as he has done
from me,

An' swept them with their memories into his shoreless sea.
I shan't forgit, old calendar, how you've ben tried and true,
I'll long for yer familiar face, though yer replaced by new;
An' wunder if the year ahead has anything as bright,
As dreams an' tender memories that die with you to-night.
Old friend, good-bye, the embers thare, will glow, 'n gleam 'n
shine,

You'll turn to empty vapor, as has many a hope o' mine;
An' yit—an' yit, the feelin' comes 'at brings a misty tear,
To think you, too, air leavin' me, as has the vanished year.

QUEER, AIN'T IT?



LIMBIN' up the hill o' life yer pace is mity slow;
Till you git a for'ard motion nuthin' seems to be a go;
An' yer feet may be a bleedin' an' yer hands cut by
the stones,
Seems like thare ain't nuthin' but some other feller owns
But the earth, an' air around you an' a bit o' heaven's blue,
An' a robin singing somewhere jes' 'specially fer you,
Afterwhile you git a start an' climb a little way,
An' each step keeps gittin' easier an' lighter ever' day;
Till you've half-way reached the summit with a gait that's
ruther swift;
Feller men 'll all turn in an' help give you a lift.
They'll be mitily astonished, wonder how you got a start;
Glad to see you doin' well, they air 'ith all their heart;
An' they'll stare at you in great supprise an' boost you up the
track,
An' they'll wine you, an' they'll dine you, an' they'll slap you
on the back,
And call you
A mity,
Smart feller.

But if you git elated by success an' try to go
With one leap to the summit when you orto
 take it slow,
An' lose yer foothold somehow, while yer lookin' at the top,
Head gits swelled, an' down you go'ith mighty, sudden drop;
Each feller'll be a-strivin' fer the place you couldent fill;
World'll think its funny, an' be laffin' fit to kill;
An' if you keep on rollin', it will think it sech a trick,
To help you on yer down'ard course by givin' you a kick;
If you cant raise up agin; haint got the strength to climb,
The World'll wag its head an' say, "I knowed it all the time."
Wuz'nt any metal to him, couldent see at all
Why every body boosted him; orto knowed he'd fall.
An' instid o' sympathisin' it'll turn away its head,
To hide the laff it cant conceal. an' swear it never said
One word in yer favor; fling the truth back in yer face;
Slight you, an' t'will fight you an' leave you in disgrace,
And call you
 A mighty,
 Wuthless feller.

DAD'S LETTER.



HEN lots o' letters comes along
With words 'o hearty cheer,
A givin' me a dance and song
Of how my friends down here,

Appreciate my humble art,
An' word-song's waverin' note,
I scarce kin stop my beatin' heart
From jumpin' out my throat.

I git my dictionaries down,
An' hunt from A to Z,
To see if somethin' can't be foun'
To make 'em clear to me.

I study out them classic terms
An' French quotations sweet,
An' seek fer help from Hume an' Hermes,
An' jes fergit to eat.

I feel so consequential-like,
With all them letters tells,
I think I've sung enuff, I'll strike,
My head it swells an' swells.

But this don't last always, I find
I'm growin' blue an' sad,
'Tis then a letter comes an' signed,
"From your most lovin' Dad."

The writin' haint so very clear,
The spellin's mity pore,
But haff way twixt a laff an' tear,
I read it o'er and o'er.

You could'nt fool me on 'em lines,
I know 'em all of old;
Right from the heart an' ginueine,
And better 'n tons o' gold.

The letter holds a check sometimes,
Fer Five, or mebbe Ten,
Sometimes a page o' homely rhymes,
To make me laff agen.

An' endin' up he'll allus say,
"Keep grindin' on my lad,
We know yer fame 'll come some day;
From yer most lovin' dad."

Oh, Daddy dear, the bitter tears
Start from my eyes to flow,
To think that I, thro' all the years,
Shall disappoint you so.

It may be when I cross the veil,
I'll somehow find a way,
Where cross-eyed critics can't assail,
Yer fond hopes to repay.

An' standin' on the shinin' shore,
I shall be mity glad,
When grim Death has rowed me o'er,
To greet my dear old Dad.

HEARD AT RECESS.



O, I don't like you Lilly Lane, I aint no use fer you,
You air allus doin' somethin' that you hadent orto do.
You broke my slate, an' tore my dress, an' told
on me today,
Though you knowed I did'nt whisper to that hateful
Hettie Gray;
N'en you wrote a note to Jess, an' tried to coax him 'way,
'Cause he had ast me after school to come an' play croquet.
An' you cant set 'ith me no more, ner no mean girl like you,
Can come in our dooryard to play; I've got new dishes too;
But they wont do you any good the way you've treated me,
I wont go home with you tonight, but go with Bessie Lee.
An' now you needent speak to me.—W'y there's the
bell, I'm glad,
That school is called. Say Lilly, I'm all over bein' mad,
An' I'll make up 'ith you agin an' give you half my gum,
To set with me till school is out,—an' help me with my sum.

UNCLE BEN AS A WARRIOR.



O, I won't have no Spanish fellers crowin' over me,
So I'm goin' down to Cuby an' I'll stay thare till
she's free;

An' they will find old Uncle Ben a fighter yit I guess,
Fer ever' time I raise my gun thare 'll be a Spaniard less.
A gittin' old! what if I be, I aint so old as some,
An' I can show 'em how to fight I know I can, by gum!
I orto know about it, I wuz in the war down thare,
A fightin' for the union, an' old glory's fluttering star,
An' I can do the same agin', my country needin' me,
To keep our flag a floatin' an' preserve our dignity.
Jes' let 'em know we ain't afraid to meet 'em on their groun',
Avenge our slaughtered sailors when our noble Maine
went down.

Jes show the villians what we mean an' prove it to 'em, too,
An' make 'em dance a minuet, to Yankee doodle-do.
Keep 'em right on hoppin' 'till they reach their native shore,
An' let pore Cuby have a rest from butchery an' gore.
Yes, you can bet on Uncle Ben, he ain't afeared to fight,
If he has got rheumatics an' his hair is snowy white;
Fer I won't have no Spanish fellers crowin' over me,
So I'm goin' down to Cuby, an' stay thare till she's free.

JIM'S WIFE.

NO, it wuzent Jim 'at done it" 's what she allus ust to say,
An' look so sad an' sorry, in that air peculiar way;
"Its jest the lickin in him that has got away
with Jim,

An' say agin so gentle like, "Oh no it wuzent him,
That beat me, fer I allus say I never want to see
A kinder husband 'an Jim Brown has allus ben to me,
When he aint ben a drinkin'; an' gits the crazy spells
That changes him from man to beast an' makes his life a hell.
An' 'nen she'd tell about the time he gently nussed her through,
Some sick spell, jes' as handylike as any womern too,
To git the meals an' tidy up an' keer fer little Joe,
"When he's hisself a kinder man has never lived I know."
An' this wuz why 'at Betty Brown would shake her head so slow,
When neighbors wanted her to leave an' allus answer "No,
I'll stay by him thro' life, till death, I aint afraid o' him,
Fer when he beats me, I jest know, its lickin an' not Jim."
Neighbors round about, wuz feared 'at some o' them thare days,
He'd kill her or the baby boy when he was in a craze.
But all o' them wuz kind to her, an' little baby Joe,
A hopin' Jim would straighten up; he never done it o',
But kept a drinkin' wuss an' wuss, until one wretched day,
He come home drunker'n usual; seemed to me some way
Jim sensed the sitooation; kindo' knowed what he would do,
He coaxed his wife to take the boy, an' run to neighbor Drew,
An' leave him thare alone awhile, till he got right agin;
Seemed to know she wuzent safe to stay alone with him.

But she was feared to leave him thare, an' go 'way
from the farm,

Athinkin' he might take the mind to do himself some harm.
Though 'cordin' to my notion, 'twould have been a blessed halt,
Fer he had drunk hisself to death, an' wuzent worth his salt,
'Cept to that poor womern, who never left his side,
But stayed by him through thick an' thin, sence she
had been a bride.

But them thare faithful kindo' wimern you will allus see,
Jest gits the wust life has to give, least so it 'pears to me.
Jim, crazier 'an any loon, completely lost his head,
An' when the neighbors went thare the baby boy was dead,
The wife wuz bruised an' beat until she'd scarcely any breath,
Knowned soon as we saw her, 'at she wuz struck with death,—
An' Jim lay thare beside her in his senseless, drunken sleep;
The men could all a-mobbed him when they heard
the wimern weep.

But Betty raised her head an' tuck one, long, last look at him
Then said so faint an' sorry like, "Oh no, it wuzent Jim."
If I wuz God Almighty, do you know what I would do,
An' had my way o' runnin' things way out thare in the blue;
I'd make that feller over, an' give Betty back her Jim,
The kind, true husband 'at he wuz 'fore lickter ruined him.

WHEN DE GHOSTS AM WALKIN' BY DE WATAH MILL.



TE'AH de sighin' ob de pine trees when de win' 'am
sobbin' low,
An' de shadders dey am creepin' oah de lan';
De hoot owl am a hollerin' from yandah sycamo';
An' dis dah'ky am a mity sca'hed ol' man.
No ha'ht to play de banjo, no'h heah de happy string
Breathin' music roun' de cabin do'ah;
No ha'ht to heah de mock' bird as he make de woodland ring;
Dah'ky don't know nuffin any moah;
His teeth dey am a rattlin' an' his ha'ht am stannin' still,
Kase de ghosts am walkin' by de watah mill.

Dis am de night foh possum, an' de coons come out to play,
An' de fun dis dah'ky's missin' makes him sad;
But into his ol' cabin am de place foh him to stay
Tell daylight kase he's sca'hed so mity bad.
Dem ghosts eyes dey am biggah dan de yandah risin' moon,
An' dey han's am reachin, way up to de sky;
De Lawd 'll haf to help yo' if dey don't ketch yo' soon,
If yo' silly nuff to try to pass 'em by;
Bettah bolt de cabin doah, an' jes' keep mity still.
When de ghosts am walkin' by de watah mill.

De pickaninny hides his head upon his mammy's breast,
Nuffin couldent coax him out to play;
De watch dogs all am silent, an' de hen roost gits a rest;
Da'kys dey all set right out to pray.
An' bress the Lawd foh ebbah, if I see the light ob day,
I will nebbah steal annudah chicken, shuah;
I will praise His name foh ebbah till he calls my soul away,
Wha'h de ghosts can't seah dis dah'ky any moah;
Bettah git religion chillun' all yo' git it with a will,
When de ghosts am walkin' by de watah mill.

A CHUNK OF WISDOM CHIPPED FROM THE
PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.



WHEN yer mind is full o' trouble an' yer heart
is full o' care,

An' the skein o' life is tangled an' the end aint
anywhare,

An' its twisted into double knots, an' keeps a gittin' wuss;
Yer soul is plum disgusted an' somehow, you want to cuss,
You spend yer nights a wunderin' how yer goin' to pull through,
An' ever pay the interst on the mortgage comin' due;
Tom must have his schoolin' an' the girls air needin' clothes,
How you'll git yer bills all paid the good Lord only knows;
It aint no use to grumble, er to storm aroun' an' sweat,
But take the matter coolly, an' let t'other feller fret.

Not but what we must be honest, an' pay jest what we owe;
Calkilate our life aright an' do the best we know;
But frettin' never airnt a cent, ner helped a man a bit,
To do his honest duty, an' we'll have to learn it yit,
To take our life more easy, an' pay as we go long;
Have time enuff fer happiness, an' keep a little song
Down in the bottom o' yer heart; an' let me say my brother,
A sure receet fer happiness is jest to help another
That's troubled more 'an we air; no use to storm an' sweat,
But take each matter coolly an' let t'other feller fret.

CHILDISH THORNS.



'M awful mad at Menty Moore, I thist don't
like him 'tall,

He thinks he is so awful smart sence he got
his new ball.

He won't play ketch with me a bit; he's thist the meanest boy
I ever seen, from this old town clean on apast Leroy.
An' fi wuz him I wouldn't be so stuck up 'bout a ball;
'Cause my ma, she allus says pride goes afore a fall;
An' folkses when they feel so big, air purty shure to see
Their pride took down 'fore very long; an' n'en she says to me.
I wouldnt be like Menty Moore, ner act 'tall like him;
But I'd go to the paster lot an' git my pony Trim,
An' thist fergit what Menty said; an' swaller back my pride
An' smile real nice to him an' say come now and have a ride.
But now I say that's purty hard fer any boy to do,
To one as mean as Menty wuz, an' smart an' sassy too,
But my ma, she's the bestest ma alivin' in this town,
An' allus knows enuff sight more'n anyone aroun';
Fer though I'd like to lick him till he'd holler out enuff;
When my ma says to do a thing, I know 'ats thist the stuff.
So I'll go to the paster lot an' bring the pony out,
'N make it up 'ith Menty,—Hullo I hear his shout,
'N he wants me to come right out to have a game o' ball;
Now I'm awful sorry 'at I said he's mean at all;
I say hurrah for Menty, he's thist the bestest boy,
On this old earth er anywhere from this town to Leroy.

WITH THE AUTUMN DAYS.

FHARE'S a feelin' 'at creeps over me about this time o' year,

Like a lonely child a-cryin' beside its mother's bier;
A sort o' homesick feelin' 'at I cant explain a'tall;

Comes on jest as reg'lar an' lasts all thro' the fall.

An' by Jinks, I cant escape it, an' it aint no use to try,

Fer last fall I says to Sairy Ann, I says to her, says I,
I'm goin' down to Washington to stay a month er two,

An' sizin' up the symptoms, says she, "Yes Silas do;
I've been a-thinkin' lately 'at you aint been looking well;

A change is mity good fer folks, I've allus heered 'em tell;
Johns'll be so glad to see you; its been ten years er more,

Since he went away to Washington from clerkin' in the store
'F I do say it, none is smarter, ner got the brains to win

His way to wealth an' influence as our son Johnny Glynn.

His wife is plain an' common, you know how glad they'll be,

—You can bring that scarlet nubby you've allus
promised me.—"

Well I went 'n when I got thare, things wuz so strange an' new

I fergot my lonely feelins an' my way o'bein' blue;

Went ridin' on the street-kear, funny how a feller feels

On them 'lectric critters 'ith their whizzin', whirrin' wheels
Aflyin' jest like lightnin' down a narrer, iron track;

An' that creepy, crawly feelin' 'at goes slidin' down yer back
In them thare elevators, stuck in all the buildins thare,

Fer the folks 'ats jes' too lazy to walk up an' down the stair.

An' at John's twuz as pleasant, but so diff'rent dont you know

From what I had been used to, an' the humdrum, dreary go,

Of the old farm here aroun' us. It wuz strange an' mity fine,
 With all the new conveniences 'at don't come in my line;
 Thare wuz gas instid o' firewood, an' a furnace down below
 Reg'lated 'ith a cord up stairs, pulled up an' down jes' so;
 Not a blame stove in the house, ner lamps, by jinks, not one
 But 'lectric lights ablazin' an' I don't see how 'twuz done.
 I wuz happy fer a week er two agittin' onto things;
 Enjoyin' the excitement 'at the city allus brings;
 When one day jest to please me, John says to me, says he
 "I'm all wore out an' need a rest, so come along 'ith me,
 We'll go out fer a holiday, an' 'fore I bring you back,
 I'll take you in the steamer down the grand old Potomac."
 When we started on the river, to Mt. Vernon it wuz then
 That doggoned, lonesome feelin' jest tuck holt o' me agen;
 An' the woods all dressed in colors 'ith their green, 'n red 'n gold,
 An' the dim haze on the river made me think o' days of old
 When life wuz jest a play time to a happy, careless boy;
 An' the summer brought us comfort, an' the autumn wuz a joy.
 An' to see old Nater dyin' slow an' easy it jest seems
 To make me sort o' sorry like, and bring me lonely dreams;
 When I see the leaves afallin' an' the flowers all faded, dead,
 An' the cem'try out yonder, it gives me a kind o' dread
 To think my life is fadin' an' is drawin' to a close
 Like the leaf out in the forest, er the crimson on a rose.
 Thats the way this feelin' comes about this time o' year,
 Like a lonely child acryin' beside its mother's bier;
 Sort o' lonesome feelin' 'at I can't explain a'tall
 Comes 'ith the dyin' summer an' lasts all through the fall.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.



I'D love to go a-visitin' to see my old Aunt Lou,
An' start agin at five o'clock jest as we ust to do;
When roosters wuz a crowin' an' the sun
wuz creepin' up;
An' the dew wuz on the dusty grass, an' yellor buttercup.
When we all got up so airly an' eat afore 'twuz light,
While the pale stars blinked so lazylike 'n faded out o' sight;
When all the chores wuz finished an' the horses ready, too,
An' boys an' girls all loaded in to visit old Aunt Lou,
We left the dear, old farm behind, an' hurried through the lane,
An' trotted both the horses fast; to git out to the main
Road, a-past the Harkman school; an' started on our way,
An' well along the twenty miles afore the heat o' day.
I'd love to see the flowers agin beside the country road
That wound along the river banks, whare rush'n cat-tail growed;
The maple-shaded, narrer lane, the boats an' old bayou,
I'd love to see 'em all agin as in the long ago.
An' dear old Aunt Lou's happy face, an' see the glad supprise,
With tears an' welcome, love an' all a-shinin' in her eyes.
When mem'ry comes a-trippin' down the long stairway o' years,
She sets my heart to beatin' an' fills my eyes 'ith tears;
Fer old Aunt Lou is sleepin' in her narrer, peaceful grave,
Whare the ivy vine's a creepin' an' the willer branches wave;
An' I'd be mity willin' to surrender harp 'n crown,
With all o' Heaven's joy 'n bliss, 'n lay my old life down,
If I could go a-visitin' an' see my old Aunt Lou,
An' start agin at five o'clock jes' as we ust to do;
When roosters wuz a crowin' an' the sun wuz creepin' up;
An' the dew wuz on the dusty grass, an' yellor buttercup.

In the Shadow of Bohemia

IN THE SHADOW OF BOHEMIA.



HERE the Wabash river wanders away to the westward through verdant valleys and over shimmering sands like a restless nomad, many years ago, at a certain portion of a country road following the trend of the river, stood a low, old fashioned building. At the time of this story it was utilized as grocery, drug store, post-office and dwelling-house combined. The sole owner and proprietor was Jeems Spikens, possessed of some admirable qualities that combined to make him altogether agreeable to the good dames of the country round, who exchanged their butter and eggs for the requirements of their various households.

One glorious afternoon brimming over with June, when the shadows cast by the sycamores were growing long, in front of Jeems Spikens' country store a number of men had gathered and were pitching quoits.

The good natured proprietor, in the absence of customers, had seated himself in a huge arm chair ; tilted it back against the building, and with a comforting chew of some excellent brand of fine-cut tobacco, was watching the men with a lazy interest.

"Say, boys," said Jim Lohers, who was taking his turn, elevating the disc, squinting his eye critically at the hob in front of him, striving to gain the desired equilibrium necessary to send the disc the required distance, "hev you heered that Tude Morgan is agoin' to Injunoplis?" This caused a ripple of surprise among the players, and a more vigorous chewing of tobacco. Jeems Spikens placed the front legs of his huge chair upon terra firma, inserted his hands in his pockets and walked over a little nearer the speaker, who had evidently gained the

attention of his audience, to whom a bit of news or gossip was as refreshing as drops of dew to the heart of a sun-scorched rose.

"Sho, ' you don't say so," volunteered Jess Watkins, in order to stimulate the speaker into further impartation of his delicious tid-bit. "an' what's she agoin' thare fer?"

"W'y" answered Jim, with provoking deliberacy, sending a stream of tobacco juice into the dust at his feet, and taking a careful aim at the hob at the same moment he delivered his announcement " she says she is agoin' to enter the theater perfession. "

A general laugh followed with revival of interest in the game. "Wall," finally Jim vouchsafed when no one else volunteered any comments, "Tude Morgán wuz borned an' brot up o' good, respectable, Christian parents, who hev eddicated her, an' allus 'give her the best o' advice an' counsel, an' if she goes against they're wishes an' disobeys them in their old age, acomin' to grief in the big city yander, w'y, the shame an' the blame is on her own head, an' she'll hev jest' Tude Morgan to thank fer it, that's all"

"Tude allus wuz a headstrong, way'ard gurl," followed Jess Watkins, "an' dreadfully set up in her own opinyuns. What a shame fer her to be aleavin' the farm, with harvest an' hayin' acomin' on, an' her folks a-needin' her help so bad. Old Mis' Morgan haint overly strong to cook fer harvest han's alone. T'would be a sight better fer her to stay by the old folks, adoin' her duty by 'em, instid o' gallivantin' off to the city with no money, fren's, ner infloence to bank on. "

"Yaas, an' the perfession haint no credit to a womern nohow," chimed in Watt Perkins, "its a kindo degradin trade fer womern folks, who wuz made fer a helpmate fer man; an' to be a companyun to him, a-cookin' his vittles an' a-keepin' his house an' childern, not cavortin' roun' on a publick stage, fer men to stare at an' throw bokays at, an'—an," Watt choked with indignation at this point in his conversation, and as it had leaked out that Watt had offered himself to Tude and been rejected, a hearty laugh all around and a general sally of sarcasm caused him to subside at once.

"O sho,' now, boys," energetically said Jeems Spikens' diverting the subject into a new channel, "what's the use o' all this talk aginst Tude, who is really a well-meanin' an sensible gurl, and a good gurl, too, though she may be subjeck to a few faults, as wimern folks air in gen'eral—and men folks, too, for that matter. We aint none o' us perfeck, though we may try to do our level best. We make heaps o' mistakes, an' our back'ard track through life is a durn sight crookeder 'an my old stake-an'-rider fence that follers in an' out along the crooks an' turns of the old Wabash yander. Tude 'll take her chances along o' the rest of us, you can cipher on it. You all know old Morgan is too shif'less to lay up a cent ag'inst a rainy day. The old farm has run down tell it looks like a widder womern's place, an' a heavy mortgage comin' due on it. A strugglin' day after day to pay interest an' runnin' expenses keeps the old man poorer'n a church mouse. Then old Mis' Morgan has been ailin' fer years an' haint the best dispositioned turn at any time. With th' old man a lookin so owdacious worried an' agoin down hill as fast as he can ; an' with her mother a-harpin' that if she could only change climate she'd git better ; with no prospecks an' no outlook o' better times, I say its enuff to drive Tude plum crazy, an' make her want to git out in the wurd an' do somethin' fer them, instid o' marryin' the first feller that comes along, an' leavin' the old folks to shift fer themselves. Instid o' blamin' her, an' harpin' at her, as you fellers air adoin' you had better turn in an' glory in her grit ; givin' her a kind word an' some inspirin' thought to encourage her when she gits out into the cold, unfeelin' wurd, fer she'll need it, God knows." And the tender-hearted Jeems, warming up to his subject, became so interested and succeeded in holding the attention of his audience so completely, the game of quoits was forgotten, and the group of men failed to notice a tall, stalwart figure that had come up the path within hearing distance and listened to the remarks of Jeems Spikens. The news was evidently unknown to him, for a gray pallor spread over the pleasant, manly face of John Preston. He turned suddenly at the conclusion of

Jeems' talk, forgetting the errand for which he had made his way to the store, and noiselessly retraced his steps down the path by which he had come.

Meantime the shadows were growing somber over this portion of Hoosierdom. The leaves of the tall sycamores rustled in the rising breeze. The sun hid himself behind the shoulders of the low hills and shot his last quiver of golden arrows upon the bosom of the river, and its low moan as it swept onward may have been the voice of a naiad escaping in pain. Jeems Spikens went into his store to wait upon a customer who had driven up to the door, and the men wended their way homeward.

II.

"O Tude, you haint really a-goin'?" and the question ended in a contraction of voice that sounded suspiciously like a sob, as John Preston stood by Tude's side. For a moment there was silence, and nothing was heard save the monotonous moan of the wind; then the girl looked at him with a brave smile—and Tude was one of the rare women whose smile would instill even greater courage in the heart of a Napoleon—and said, "Certainly, John, I have decided to go to the city. There can be no harm in testing one's capabilities. My father's financial distress is no news to you. He is badly in debt and the old farm is heavily mortgaged. He is discouraged and imagines that everything is against him, and that no good can come of his efforts. It does seem that everything he turns his hand to is tabooed from the start. If he plants his low fields to grain it is sure to be a wet season, and they are flooded. Then if he reverses the order, and plants his high grounds, a dry season comes on and they burn up. His cattle are sure to be diseased; his hogs have cholera; when he has anything to sell prices are low; when he has to purchase they are high, and "His touch turns hope to dust." The neighbors call it shiftlessness and bad management, but I know better; fate is just against him, that's all." Tude looked across the river at the moon gazing so peacefully at her own reflection in the water below, and the

stars like snowy ashpodels that smiled from the inverted valley of the heavens, and could not, nor did not try to repress the rebellious feeling that rose in her heart toward the Being whom her father and mother had religiously and faithfully taught her to worship as the Omnipotent ruler of heaven and earth; the maker of the destinies of men. Had not her father often expounded to her from between the lids of that great Book that whom God loveth he chasteneth; that all things are of His doing, and that there is no use to rebel against destiny, and then had accepted his misfortunes with a resignation that was almost unbearable to his daughter.

“But Tude, you haint really a-goin?” The homely provincialism of the repeated question irritated the girl still further; and grated upon her ear, awaking the contempt that was noticeable in her voice as she answered with considerable warmth. “Yes, I have completed my arrangements and nothing will dissuade me from my purpose. It is absolutely necessary for me to provide a maintenance for my parents in their old age and helplessness; to strive, at least, with all my power to do what the God whom they have so faithfully followed and worshipped all their lives has failed to do for them.”

“But Tude,” interrupted the pleading voice, “Its my honest opinion thet th’ Lord don’t have anything to do with it. A man has got to take the carvin’ out o’ his fortunes into his own hands, an’ if he gits keerless an’ relaxes his hold on his position, w’y some other feller grabs his weapons an’ converts ’em to his own use; an’ th’ first feller gits left on the deal, an’ haint nobody but hisseelf to thank. God jest puts the weapons into our hand an’ expects us to use ’em; an’ if we don’t handle them with judgment, we can’t blame Him fer not a-doin’ His part. This thing o’ destiny’s a mity great mystery, an’ the more a feller tries to work out the puzzle, th’ more confounded he gits. I s’pose one man knows as much about it as another, an’ th’ thing fer us to do, is to do th’ best we can; a-lettin’ th’ Creator take keer of His own creation—but this wuzent what I brought you out here to-night to say to you. It wuz to ask you to give up this wild idee o’ yours, which yer

parents an' fren's air prejudiced aginst, an' give me th' right to take keer o' you. Yer folks shall never want while I have a dollar. Stay, Tude, an' make me happy, fer you know I hev allus ben so fond of you." But the girl answered, coldly, "No, John, it is too great a burden to place even upon willing shoulders, did I love you, which I am quite sure I do not. We are so unsuited, and wholly incongenial to each other. Believe me," a little more kindly, "it would not be the best. Something impels me onward to my new course even against my will. I think I shall succeed, but if I fail," looking wistfully at the river, "there's morphine and one only goes down to a dreamless sleep." The young man at her side was too pained for expression, and knowing in her bitter state of feeling further pleading was useless, wished her farewell and a Godspeed. When he had gone down the path a short distance he retraced his steps and handed her a folded sheet of paper, saying, "Here's sumthin', Tude, I wrote the other day. Taint no great piece o' genius like you, er any o' them fellers 'at writes fer papers an' magazines could write. Jest a little piece o' poetry o' my own. Its dialect 'taint much, an' mebbe you'll laff at it, but its honest an' I'm a-goin to give it to you anyhow," and he was gone.

"To-morrow," exclaimed the inexperienced girl to herself, joyously, as the night wind-fanned her fevered brow; "to-morrow I will leave this old river and this tiresome place, with its uncultivated people, whose rude provincialisms fairly distract one. I will leave all the old associations behind me, and far away in enchanted Bohemia where all great artists, and authors and singers dwell, I will revel in life and its golden gifts to its favorite genius spirits; untrammled and free from all restraints of more conventional society. As a great singer the world will lay its laurels at my feet and ring with praises of my triumph. There, where the sunlight of success dispels the shadows of our struggles and gloom, there in Bohemia, free." And the night winds sighed and repeated the refrain, "Bohemia, free," and the weary, old Wabash moaned as the echoes died away in the distance. It may have been but bewailing the fate of the white soul standing upon its banks.

Tude did not read John's "piece o' dialect" that night, but when she did read it a few days later in the heart of the noisy, dusty city, she laid her tired head upon the table and and cried as if her heart would break.

It might have comforted the girl, had she known that a later train bore John Preston to the city also, and during the subsequent, weary years, in her search for recognition and fame, he was ever near and watchful, while endeavoring to carve out his own fortune with the weapons God had given him; unknown and alone, keeping completely in the Shadow of Bohemia.

III

Five years had passed, and Tude had drifted to New York City. Her mother had died in the meantime. The farm and everything had been swept from them. Tude had sent for her father and he had been with her for some time, but his support had proven such a tax upon the girl's slender income, that their small stock of savings had melted rapidly away. They occupied rooms in a most uninhabitable, crowded portion of the city; and to add to her already overflowing cup of woe, Tude, who had been doing a minor part in a very unfashionable, dingy theater, was told by her manager that morning that her services would be no longer required. She returned to her rooms weary and discouraged. Her father's health was declining and his distressing cough harrassed her beyond description, for she had not the money to purchase medicines. Their quarter's rent would be due to-morrow and the money not forthcoming they would undoubtedly be turned into the street.

Tude walked over to an old trunk in the corner of her small bedroom, and began looking over her belongings to see if there was not something she could dispose of.

She took out her theater costumes one by one and laid them across a chair. There was the gauzy thing in which she had appeared in her first song in public, after many weary months of routine in drill and practice.

She was not very proud of that feat. The audience did not rise with one accord and fill the building with evidence of

their acclaim and appreciation in resounding cheers. While her clear, sweet voice rang out like the woodland notes of a wild bird in spring time, and there were many in the audience who went away better and happier for having heard her sing, yet there was no wealth of floral offerings cast at her feet as a tribute to a rising, young genius. There were only a few sprays of old fashioned violets that somehow reminded her so painfully of John Preston, and his homely Hoosier provincialisms that she threw them away as she went out of the deserted building. Tude tossed the costumes carelessly aside. There were painful memories connected with them that she did not care to revive. She bent farther over the trunk and took out a package of letters tied with a ribbon. Mechanically she withdrew a folded sheet of paper and opened it. John Preston's "piece o' dialect poetry" that he had given her five years before. Again she seemed to hear him say: "Taint much, Tude, an' mebbe you'll laff at it, but its honest, an I'm agoin' to give it to you anyhow."

Memory swept away the gloomy shadows of trouble that hung over her and again she could hear the restless sighing of the sycamores near her old country home, and could almost smell the fragrance of the violets that grew along the river banks in spring-time; where she and John Preston had wandered as children, and he had gathered the largest and most fragrant for her.

A sudden inspiration came to her, why not sell it! Perhaps it would net her a neat sum that would tide them over their present emergency. To think was to act, with Tude, and without a thought of the reserved rights of authors, a moment later she had donned her hat and jacket. As she looked into the dingy depths of her mirror before starting, it was a sorry looking Tude that she saw. The years had converted her from a rosy cheeked, healthy girl of eighteen, into a sallow, sickly woman who looked at least thirty.

"There's only the poem left me," she said, as she walked along, "and if it fails there's morphine, and one but goes down to a dreamless sleep." She hurried into a well known publishing

house. Her Bohemian experience had not taught her to be fearful, and she boldly inquired of the literary manager what it was worth. He coldly took it from her without a word and began to read it, but as he progressed his manner changed, and he looked at the girl in amazement. "How did you come by this manuscript, young woman? It can belong to but one man in America. Do you not know that this poem is widely celebrated, and its author is the famous John Preston? The words "widely celebrated," "famous John Preston" sounded in Tude's ears like a death knell. She grew so giddy and faint she could scarcely command her voice to tell him that the little poem was given to her by John Preston himself. But when she had forced herself to do so, and told why she had resolved to try to sell it the man looked at her more kindly, and remarked as he accompanied her to the door, "Very fortunate you are, Miss, to have an acquaintance with so distinguished and eminent a man, I congratulate you," as he closed the door.

Tude did not go home at once, but wandered aimlessly for awhile; then, as she drew near the location in which she lived, she walked into a drug store and purchased a quantity of morphine. A thrill of satisfaction swept over her as she realized the deadly drug in her possession. "And so this is the final scene in the drama of my life, is it? Thus the curtain will fall at its ending. I have failed," with a bitter smile, "though not because I have not striven; but striving does not constitute genius. The world does not care for unsung songs and endeavor. The sea heeds nothing of the shipwrecks lying upon its shores; so the busy old world heeds nothing of the efforts of those whose souls are stranded by defeated hopes and ambitions." She stepped to a public drinking fountain near by, deliberately raised the powder to her lips and swallowed it with a draught from the cup which she replaced, and walked across the street to the miserable tenement apartments she called home. She failed to hear voices as she neared the door, but as she opened it her father called out cheerily, "Tude, here's somebody we ust to know!" John Preston, faultlessly dressed, without a trace of his old time awkwardness or country mannerisms,

stood before her holding out his hand in greeting. "I have failed John," said Tude, "failed miserably and utterly;" then looking him full in the face, without taking his proffered hand, she added coolly, "I have just taken a quantity of morphine. In a few moments more I shall go down to my dreamless sleep."

* * * * *

But Tude Morgan overestimated the effect of the drug she had taken. Prompt and heroic measures saved her life. Months after, when rest and recuperation had rounded the sunken cheeks and brought back the glow of health to the pale face, John Preston came to her again, telling her the story of his own struggle to his present position, of the privations and discouragements that had also attended him; then of his careful espionage of her career. "Poor, brave child," he said, as he recalled her heroic efforts of the past. Then as a gleam of mischief danced in his fine, dark eyes, he questioned with a return to his native provincialism, "Haint you lived long enuff in the shadder o' Bohemia?"

And what could Tude reply?



